

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS COLL'D WITH CARE."

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NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. MEET, 15 1810.

NO. 1139

## THE MARRIAGE PROMISE.

BY SARAH WILKINSON.

Continued.

"She descended with Lady Morland to the parlour. Angelica wept and affectionately embraced her. Her example was followed by the rest of the party. Charles, with some hesitation in his manner, took her hand, and pressed it to his lips; tears came in his eyes; he uttered some hasty, incoherent sentences, and rushed out of the room, leaving the company amazed at his transaction; and a short silence ensued till Mr. Byron arose, and concluded the trembling girl to the coach, with a severe and friendly face well. As they turned to go down Holles Street, Emma put her head out of the carriage to take a last survey of the house. Charles was leaning out of the window; he waved his hand, and then she was out of a sigh. She could not suppress her tears; which flowed down her face. She felt emotions in her bosom to which she had never been a stranger; all her sensibility was awakened, and she lamented her fate. She plainly saw she was loved by a man who she esteemed beyond all others: nay, she felt more than cold esteem; this parting had inspired in her a sense of love. But was no this Lord Morland's son? Could she wound the bosoms of his parents with ingratitude? And there was no prospect that they would consent to such a marriage. That Charles had hitherto struggled with his feelings, was evident. Her absence, aided by his reason, would enable him to overcome his love; and it would be buried in oblivion. Besides, was she not betrothed to another? Could she, for a moment, prove herself a flirt, and be exposed to censure? Then she repented of her hasty promise. She could look for no happiness from that quarter; but it was too late. The carriage stopping at Lady Arnold's door, allowed no time for reflection. They remained in town some days; but the preparations for their journey, allowed her no time for indulging her melancholy ideas.

"They had not proceeded many stages on their journey, when Lady Arnold was taken very ill, and obliged to return. Death soon put a period to the existence of this amiable lady, who ordered a hundred pounds, to be given to the fair Emma, who immediately, on this fatal occurrence, wrote a note to Lady Morland, requesting her advice as to her future disposal. This caused no small perplexity in Cavendish-Square. Lord and Lady Morland had observed in secret, the propensities of their son for Emma; and planned themselves for throwing such an oblique object in his way, without regard to future consequences resulting from such an attachment. Her return to them would state their imprudence; but they could not be guilty of such a breach of hospitality as to deny her; and they sent Mr. Lloyd to the carriage to convey her back. The countess and her friends, at Angelica, when they heard the news, underwent a very pleasing emotion;

and they waited with impatience for the return of their fair friend. At length the knock at the door, made them hasten to receive her; but, in their astonishment, Mrs. Lloyd entered the room with a sorrowful air, and sitting upon one of the benches burst into tears, exclaiming, "Oh my dear young lady your Emma is lost. Somebody has been base enough to allure her away by a wicked stratagem from Bruton-Street." As soon as her grief and surprise could allow, she informed them, that when she arrived at Lady Arnold's, she was shocked with the intelligence that a carriage from Lord Morland's had already been there, with an elderly woman in it, who required Emma to return directly to Cavendish-Square, who had her parcel placed in the coach, and having got in, immediately drove towards Bond Street; Miss Woodley promising to call on them in a few days. That somebody had used this cruel device to get the innocent unsuspecting girl into their power was very plain; and they sat down to consult who was most likely to be the perpetrator of such a vile act. Lord Morland strenuously insisted that it was Dudley; and it appeared to all parties a reasonable conjecture. Charles and Sir James Sandford then proceeded to Harley Street. They found him, contrary to their expectations at home. He received them without the least embarrassment, and pressed them to spend the evening with him. When Mr. Morland explained the motive of their visit, he appeared very much hurt at their suspicions, and behaved with some animosity. Morland whose temper was hasty, and not used to insult, answered in a way that did not conciliate matters; and Sir James was obliged to use all his influence to prevent their coming to extremities. They left Mr. Dudley's, and went to Bruton-Street; but could hear no more than what Mrs. Lloyd had related. They walked to the stands, and made enquiries of several coachmen, but in vain. Weary, and spiritless, they returned home. They remained a month after this in town. Not a day passed without making inquiries for Emma, in every place that reason or fancy could suggest; but without the least shadow of success; and they left town with reluctance. Lord Dudley had never been since the rupture in Harley-Street, but came just as they were ready to depart. He came to the Square, and took a formal leave.

"On their arrival in the country, the gentlemen went over to the farm, to know if George Woodley had received any intelligence or success; but their inquiries were not attended with success. They endeavored in vain, to afford consolation to the farmer for the loss of his sister with very anxious and excruciating thought of what might befall her. They sat with him some time revolving different plans, and then returned to the inn, where the Earl of Lively had been some time waiting for a private audience. He told them nobly made to the study. Here he remained till a dinner was announced with the first look of his face, and the family remained in the room. As soon as the repast was over, Lord Morland acquainted them with the purport of the visit he had received, which was an offer of his hand to Miss Angelica. Her father hoped she had no objections; nor could he think any could be made, as it was a union, in point of fortune and title, more than she had reason to expect.

"Lady Morland expressed her approbation of the proposal. Angelica received her head on her hand, and uttered a deep sigh, and by no means appeared pleased with her acquiescence. Her father said some few words expressive of surprise, and was resuming the conversation, when Lady Morland perceiving her daughter's distress begged him to waive the subject till another opportunity.

"The evening was uncommonly beautiful for the time of year, and the beauties of nature building forth with luxuriance. Angelica repaired to a beautiful grove at the extremity of the pleasure wood; here she sat down, and gave vent to the grief that oppressed her bosom.

"Sir James Sandford, whose diffidence had hitherto prevented him from declaring his love for Angelica, had heard the Earl's proposals with great emotion, severely reproaching himself for his conduct. He had sometimes flattered himself that he was not indifferent to Angelica; then he attributed her complacency to friendship, having been brought up together from their infantile years. Besides, contrary to most of the modern youths he had an humble opinion of himself. Darley was an handsome man, with an immense fortune, and a title. He had Lord Morland's good wishes and approbation, which might have a great influence on his daughter, and urge her to give her consent to such an eligible union. Full of these reflections, he roamed about the grounds; and by another path arrived at the grove a few moments after the fair lady. He entered the retreat just as she exclaimed, "Oh, Sandford, if you knew my love, you would, perhaps, rescue me from despair. What can I say to my father, to account for my refusal of Darley? I would sooner die than acknowledge the weakness of my heart, or own my love for one who benefits me with indifference." A cavity of the rock had hitherto concealed Sir James, who heard these words with delight, and was going to retreat, that he might not confound her by his presence, when Lord and Lady Morland entered. They expressed some surprise at finding him there; and taking his arm, told him they would be glad of his advice respecting some alterations they intended to make. They had but moved forward a few paces, before they perceived Angelica leaning against the wall, ready to faint. Sensible that Sir James had been listening to her soliloquy, she was very much alarmed, and could scarce support herself.

"Lord Morland appeared surprised, and disconcerted, and hastily asked what she did there. Angelica wept; and Sandford, casting himself on his knees before her, made a brief explanation, while Lady Morland supported her blushing and trembling daughter in her arms.

"Lord Morland told him he had no objection to a marriage between them, and that he was very sensible; that he had more regard for the happiness than the aggrandizement of his child;

"Take her, and heaven bless you both." This happy party then repaired to the house, where it was agreed that the union should take place as soon as Sandford was of age; a period of eight months. The only difficulty that remained, was the answer to the Earl of Darley, to whom Lord Morland had given hopes of success. He dispatched a polite note to his Lordship, acquainting him of the pre-engagement of his daughter's affections, and his own ignorance of it at the time of his interview the preceding day.

"Every face bore the indication of happiness, but Charles, whose situation was really distressing and alarming to his friends. They had every advice that the country could afford, but with no success; and they resolved to go to the metropolis for the benefit of eminent physicians. They had been in the country but six weeks when they once more departed for Cavendish Square. The gentleman of the faculty declared Mr. Morland's disorder to be distress of mind, and consequently not under the dominion of medicine. His father urged him in the most tender manner to disclose his grief. After repeated sollicitations, he owned his love for Emma had reduced him to that state; that fear for his parent's displeasure, made him conceal his sentiments, which, together with her loss, made his life an insupportable burden. Lord Morland argued with him upon the impropriety of such an attachment, but in vain, his love was too firm to be shaken; and the image of Emma remained engraven on his heart. They were just returned from the opera, when they were alarmed by a loud rapping at the door; and William Woodley was announced. After apologising for the lateness of the hour, he informed them, that having obtained leave of absence from his ship, he had been two weeks in town; that to night he had been so fortunate as to discover Emma, of whose loss he had been informed by letters from his brother at Vale Farm. "Where?" said Charles, who hastily sprang from his seat. The whole party evinced their affection for her by the impatience they expressed. "But where is she?" demanded Lady Morland. "Have you left her safe?" "I believe she is with honest people, but not situated as I could wish. It was for her I came to claim protection." Lord Morland gently rebuked him for not bringing her with him, and desired Sandford to go with William, and conduct her to the Square. Charles, though much indisposed, and in a manner excluded by his father from going, would not be prevailed on to stay at home; and they sat off under the guidance of Woodley, who conducted them to an obscure street near Tottenham Court; and, to the surprise of his companions, ascended up three pair of dirty stairs, to a small back room, where on a miserable bed, lay the lovely Emma. Her face was pale, and her person much reduced. She was fallen into a slumber, which the woman, who belonged to the apartment, told them had only been for a few moments, and intreated them not to disturb her. But this precaution was unnecessary; for she heaved some pitiful sighs and then awoke, gazing around with no little surprise and confusion, when she beheld so much company, who all affectionately embraced her, and endeavoured to cheer her spirits. A hackney coach was procured; and, attended by the woman, they sat off for Lord Morland's.

To be continued.)

Nature gives merit: and fortune sets it to work.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

# ELEGY.

## TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

Far be my thoughts from life's unreal joys,  
Hush'd be the voice of revelry and mirth;  
Again the plaint of woe must trembling rise,  
And grieve for Man, a pilgrim on the earth.

The gay, the great, the proud, alike forgot,  
Hence let me stray to sober evening's close,  
Through groves of cypress, to the silent spot,  
Where parted friends on earth's cold lip repose.

And what is man, with all his boasted pow'r?  
A with'ring leaf—a meteor of a day!—  
The transient weak ephem'ra of an hour—  
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clau?

The sun that rises o'er the dewy lawn  
Warms on his redd' cheek youth's rosy bloom;  
It smiles with promise of joy at early dawn,  
Its setting—lights him to the darksome tomb!

Oh hither come, ye golden sons of ease,  
Ye giddy train, who flies at pleasure's call!  
And learn that bliss is but a summer breeze,  
And pleasure's any cup is dash'd with gall.

Ah! hither bend your long unwilling feet,  
And view the end that waits your empty toil;  
This resting place, where all life's travellers meet,  
And take their long repose beneath the soil.

But thou, who sleep'st within this narrow bed,  
Unmolested beneath the rustless shroud!  
Accept the tear thy once lov'd friend would shed,  
The sacred tear, that oft for thee shall flow!

How late we met, while in thy youthful prime!  
And sang, and mirth, and joy we wove, cheerful round,  
With thee, alas! how sadly chang'd the time!  
Now never more to hear the cheerful sound,

No more the prattling babe that lisped thy name,  
Nor she who faithfully shav'd thy wavy hair,  
A husband's smile, a father's kiss shall claim  
From him, who sleep where all things are forgot!

And thou sweet innocent! how short the dath,  
Ere tal'd thine angel form to heav'n's bright  
sphere!

Soft be the sigh that mourns thy early fate:  
Gone down, to join in dust, thy slumbering Sire,

Yet Father! be thy name all blessed still—  
The hand that gives, the hand that takes is thine!  
Oh! let us bow before his righteous will;  
'Tis not for mould'ring mortals to repine.—

While friendships' hollow'd tents their urn shall lave,  
Mild be the Zephyr's breath that round them  
blows,

And light the turf upon the peaceful grave,  
Where Sire and Son now side by side repose!

Then murmur not for those, whose sufferings o'er,  
Now lowly slumber with the valley clad—  
In humble penitence thro' life's arduous  
The Orphan's Father, and the Widow's God

Fools that we are! who thoughtless onward stray,  
Nor dream how soon shall all in dust retire—  
Still frolic on, and sport the hours away,  
As tho' life's shallow lamp would never expire.

Oh! were there not a heav'n of bliss above,  
Where rests the just from woe's overwhelming  
wave,  
Short were the reign of friendship, faith, and love—  
How dark, how deep, were then in oblivion's grave!

What tho' on earth be nought but grief and pain,  
There is another, better world to come,—  
A happy state, where joy unmingled reigns,  
Beyond the gloomy borders of the tomb.

Soon in those fragrant bow'rs of pure delight,  
Shall death-divided friends each other greet,—

'Tis but a silent, long, and dreary night.  
Nor distant far the morn, when we shall meet.

When fall these fragile tenements of clay,  
All sorrows o'er, and hush'd is life's last sigh,  
There may we meet, in realms of endless day,  
To part no more—ah! never more to die.

MONTGARNIER.

## EDWARD SHUTER, COMEDIAN.

This truly humorous and excellent, though sometimes *outré* Actor, in the early part of his life, was engaged at Drury-Lane Theatre, where his irregularities having, it is more than probable, very frequently offended the Manager, he was sometimes sent upon the stage in parts by no means suited to his genius and talents. It will be recollected, that the weeping Muse had no share in the composition of Shuter, whose very appearance was an antidote to grief—yet he was, one night, appointed to act Balthazar, in *Romeo and Juliet*: a character which, though short, certainly required that kind of gravity of deportment which it was impossible for him, even for a moment, to assume. Garrick was the *Romeo* of the night—and as Shuter undertook the part with great reluctance, he, it appears, resolved not to be speedily called upon to tragedize again: for in the tomb scene, where *Romeo* drives him away, and threatens to 'tear him joint by joint, and strew the hungry church-yard with his limbs,' if he returns: to which Balthazar replies, 'I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.' *Romeo*. 'So shalt thou shew me friendship—take thou that—live and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.' Shuter at this looking up at the audience with that characteristic humour which he well knew how to assume, continued, in the words of the Author,

'For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout—  
His looks I fear, and his intentions I doubt.  
So I'll go behind the tomb, and put the candle out.'  
The last line was an addition of his own—and it is almost needless to state the effect that his manner of reciting it had upon the audience. The burst of laughter, which almost shook the theatre, banished sorrow for the remainder of the scene. When Balthazar again appeared, mirth was renewed—and it is said, this circumstance effectually prevented the Manager from sending Shuter on the stage in such parts in future.

## SIGNS.

If you see a man and woman, with little or no occasion, often finding fault, and correcting each other in company, you may be sure they are man and wife. If you see a gentleman and lady in the same coach, in profound silence, the one looking out on one side, the other at the other side, never imagine that they mean any harm to one another, they are already honestly married. If you see a lady accidentally let fall a glove or handkerchief, and a gentleman next her kindly telling her of it, that she might gather it up—man and wife. If you see a lady presenting a gentleman with something sideways, at arm's length, with her head turned another way, speaking to him with a look and accent different from that she uses to others, it is her husband. If you see a man and woman walking in the fields in a direct line twenty yards distance from one another, the man strides over a stile and goes on some ceremony, you may swear they are man and wife without fear of perjury.

If you see a lady whose beauty and carriage attracts the eyes, and engages the respect of all the company, except a certain gentleman, who speaks to her in a more rough accent, not at all affected with her charms, you may be sure it is her husband who married for love and now slight's her. If you see a gentleman who is covetous, obliging and good natured to every body, except a certain female who lives under the same roof with him to whom he is unreasonably cross and ill-natured, it is his wife. If you see a man and female continually jaring, checking and thwarting each other, yet under the kindest terms and appellations imaginable, as *dear*, &c. they are man and wife.

Scrap. Of all poverty that of the mind is the most deplorable.



# The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 15, 1810.

## CORONER'S REPORTS.

Died, on Tuesday afternoon last, Mr. Patrick Clohosey, a native of Ireland, at No. 127 Henry Street. He was found dead in his bed, and was supposed to have expired in a fit.

On Thursday morning, a man was found in the area in the block of new brick stores between Baring & Beekman slips, speechless and in a perishing state. He was taken into Mr. Schermerhorn's store, and expired about 9 o'clock. He was supposed to be about 60 years old, and had on an old brown surtout with small worsted buttons, a blue sailor jacket with white flannel lining, red flannel shirt, two pair of blue trousers, and light blue homespun stockings—with red hair and beard, tough nearly bald, and gray eyes.

Columbian.

Fire.—On Saturday evening the 5th inst. the Grocery of Daniel Brown, in the city of Jersey, was discovered to be on fire between the hours of twelve and one o'clock at night, and notwithstanding the vigilance, and prompt exertions of the citizens, the house with all its contents was consumed, being stored full of country produce, to the amount of three thousand dollars, as estimated by Mr. Brown.

Gazette.

A lead and silver mine has lately been discovered in Dorset mountain, Vermont. It is stated that 100 weight of this ore on being analysed produced two pounds and a half of pure silver, (about 40 dolts.) and seventy-seven and a half pounds of lead.

In Anderson county, Tennessee, we are informed there is a couple living, who have been man and wife 77 years, the husband 107 years old, the wife about 95 or 96, both healthy and likely to enjoy many years of felicity.

As winter is setting in, now is the proper season of warning against a practice which every year proves fatal to the lives of some or other in this country; we mean the practice of burning charcoal in a close room, and particularly after going to bed at night. That substance has the property, when burning, of destroying vital air to an astonishing degree. Mr. Lavoisier, a celebrated French chemist, found that one pound of charcoal, in burning, consumed two pounds nine ounces of oxygen, or vital air. Hence it follows, that when persons sleep in a close room, with burning charcoal by their bedside, death is almost a certain consequence. For the burning charcoal gradually consuming that part of the air in the room which supports life, or can be breathed, persons thus circumstanced die without waking out of their sleep, and without a struggle.

From a London Paper.

## DREADFUL WARNING.

Sunday, the 2d inst. Mr. Jackson of Dewsbury, druggist, paid a visit to a friend in Rotter Jail. There he thoughtlessly indulged too freely over the bottle, and, on his setting out to return home in a state of intoxication, he d to pass near a Methodist Meeting house. The people here being engaged in their religious service, he judged it a fine frolic to ride in, and go near the pulpit, and disturb the congregation; for which imprudent act, he was taken into custody, and

carried back to prison, where he was kept in confinement during the night. Having appointed to meet Mrs. Jackson, (who was on her return from the funeral of a sister) at Wakefield, that evening, to go home with her to dewsbury, he scrawled a note to her, which unfortunately was not delivered till next morning. Sorrow for the loss of her sister, and alarm at the non appearance of her husband, preyed on her mind during the whole of the night, nor was her anxiety alleviated by the receipt of her letter. In this state of mind, she proceeded in a chair for Dewsbury on Monday morning, where she arrived in a wretched situation, and was soon seized with the pains of premature labour.

For several hours she was alone in the house, and was found, in the evening almost in a state of exhaustion, by her wretched husband. All means tried to save her proved ineffectual. She languished till Thursday, and then expired. The melancholy event deprived her husband of his senses, and derangement was soon accompanied by a violent fever, which put a period to his existence on the following Thursday.

From a Lon. Pap.

A ludicrous affair took place on Wednesday, September 26 at the house of Mr Kay, broker, at the corner of Long Acre and Drury-lane. Mr Kay had advertised for a house-keeper, and vast numbers of that description applied for the place early in the morning, but some of them had misinterpreted the word, and supposed the advertiser wanted a female partner. A smart girl was amongst the latter applicants; and on being informed she was too young for the advertiser's service, she expressed great surprise, and upbraided him for bad taste.—This girl raised a report amongst the gossips of the neighborhood, that Mr. Kay had advertised for a wife, which spread like lightning and in an half an hour afterwards the house was beset by hundreds of women, and it was found necessary, for the peace of the neighborhood, to place a constable at the door, to keep the multitude from carrying the joke too far.

Reflections in a Grave Yard.

"Here is the last stage of life's journey: here is the collecting rendezvous of suffering mortals; Here is a safe retreat from the barbed shafts of malice, from pointed pens, and from misty's rots: Here after noble and ignoble views, after every ardent wish; after pursuing every flattering object, we find the issue of them all. Here, from servile bondage, and oppressions iron hands, rests the wretched negro, whom chance had made a slave; here he forgets his galling state, and with his lordly tyrant sleeps equally accommodated. Here the oppressor and the injured mould together. Here sleep the meekly saving and the riotous profuse. Here prostrate in dust, lay the degraded relics of soaring mortals; Remember then, the transient visions of terrestrial greatness; and act so as to be prepared to pay the momentary loan of Heaven's great lender.

According to the census just completed, the city and county of New York contain nearly 94,000 inhabitants.—The following statement may gratify the curious:

Census of	Inhabitants.
1788	10,881
1771	21,863
1786	23,614
1793	34,131
1800	60,489
1805	75,770
1810	98,914

## COURT OF HYMEN.

May Heaven with blessings appropriate,  
And greet them in the married state,  
To make their union sweet—  
And draw them with the cords of love,  
In living streams from God above,  
Down to the Saviour's feet.

## MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Johnson, of Newburgh, Mr. Samuel E. Jones, of this city, to Miss Margaret Duxey, of New Windsor.

On Sunday 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Thomas, Hickson Wilson, Esq. to Miss Hannah Webb, daughter of Elisha Webb, Esq. all of New Rochelle.

At Albany, Walter Van Vechten, to Miss Anna Van Vechten.

At the same place Tunis Van Vechten, to Catharine Gansvoort.

At the same place and time David W. Groesbeck, to Miss Lucy Gilbert Van Deusen.

At Perth Amboy, on the 9th of October last, by the Rev. William Mills, Mr. Uzziah Coddington, aged about 70 years, to Miss Jemima Flood, of Woodbridge, aged about 38 years.

At Philadelphia, Mr. David Stevens, of Savannah merchant, to Miss Theresa Core.

## MORTALITY.

Nature reclaims her gifts, indulgent given,  
Transports them far above all transient ill,  
Spotless restores them to the arms of Heaven,  
Whose lamp in Death's dark vale enlightens still.

## DIED.

On Saturday morning last, Mr. George Cock, merchant of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, of a lingering and painful illness, which she bore with christian fortitude and resignation to the will of God, Mrs. Sarah Sickels, widow of the late Robert Sickels, in the 90th year of her age.

On Wednesday, John Heyer, late General Inspector of slaves and heading—an old, and tried veteran of the revolution.

On Tuesday, Mrs. Elizabeth Sturges, wife of Mr. Strong Sturges, aged 34 years.

On Monday last, of a lingering illness, Miss Maria Coulthard, daughter of Mr. Isaac Coulthard.

On the same day, of a lingering illness, Miss Henrietta Ellsworth, daughter of the late John Ellsworth of this city.

At Norwich, Conn. Christopher Leffingwell, Esq. aged 77.

At Philadelphia, Peter Brown, Esq. aged 36, a native of England—in Abington township, the Rev. William Penant.

In York, Mr. 1st inst. Capt. John Pell, a bachelor; he had instructed many young men in the art of surveying and navigation; was of a miserly disposition, and pinched himself for food and clothing; while on his death-bed he would not give up his money which he kept about him in his jacket; ordered his coffin to be placed before the glass, and that it be deposited in the spot he had ordered to be dug to receive it; he had no near friends to mourn his exit.

## SALVE FOR SALE.

The Salve formerly known by the name of Jandine's Family Salve, and sometime since sold by Mr. James Lawrence and Mrs. Mary Lamb, is now to be had by applying to Jandine Lyng, No. 77, Read street, December 8. 1138-4t

An elegant Harp for sale. Will be sold low. Apply at 36 Hudson street. December 15. 1139-1m

## WANTED.

600 Dollars on Mortgage for 3 or more years. Apply at this office. December 8. 1138-4f

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### DISCRIPTION

OF

*An Ambush amid the Highlands,*

FROM SCOTT'S 'LADY OF THE LAKE.'

He whistled shrill,  
And he was answered from the hill;  
Wild as the scream of the curlew,  
From crag to crag the signal flew,  
Instant, through copse and heath, arose  
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;  
On right, or left, above or below,  
Sprung up at once the lurking foe:  
From shingle-grey their lances start,  
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,  
The rushes and the willow wand  
Are bristling into axe and brand,  
And every tuft of broom gives life  
To plaided warriors arm'd for strife,  
That whistle garbion'd the glen  
At once with full five hundred men,  
As if the yawning hill to heaven  
A subterranean host had given:  
Watching their leaders' beck and will,  
All silent there they stood and still;  
Like the loose drags whose threatening wave  
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,  
As if an infant's touch could urge,  
Toss'd headlong passage down the surge,  
With step and weapon forward flung,  
Upon the mountain side they hung.

Short space he stood—then wav'd his hand;  
Down sunk the disappearing band:  
Each warrior vanish'd where he stood,  
In bonn or bracken, heath or wood—  
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,  
In outer pale and copse low;  
It seem'd as if their mother earth  
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.  
The wind's last breath had tossed in air  
Pennon and plaid, and plumage fair,  
The next but swept a lone hill-side,  
Where heath and fern were waving wide—  
The sun's last glance was glinted back,  
From lance and glove, from ta'ge and jack:  
The next all unreflected shone  
On bracken green and cold grey stone.

### FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

What horror, confusion, and pain the wretch knows  
How acute, oh! how poignant the smart,  
Who finds, when misfortunes disturb his repose,  
That his friend has a treacherous heart,  
But still more distressing when she he most prind  
Falls her truth and affections to prove,  
And leaves him by fools to be jerd and despised,  
Divested of Friendship and Love.

Almighty Creator! the boon I implore,  
Grant in life's busy turbulent dream,  
On one hand let me view the dear girl I adore,  
On the other the friend I fear em,  
Of each let my choice be judiciously made,  
That I may not be tempted to rove,  
But confiding in each and of neither afraid,  
Live on, to Friendship and Love,

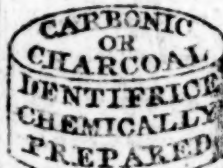
So when, in old age, beauty fades to my eye,  
My weak limb scarce my body sustain,  
When my pulse by its fainting, bespeaks my end  
Nigh,  
And my curdling blood chills in each vein,  
For past raptures, grateul my thanks I repeat,  
And while Hope points to new joys above,  
My heart shall in Death with affection replete,  
Glow sacred to Friendship and Love.

J. R.

## EPITAPH

### ON A GLUTTON.

Beneath this humble stone a mortal lies,  
Whose sole employment was to gormandize—  
E'en when he found he was not made to eat,  
He still retained his hatred to a feast.  
And, when about to yield his latest breath,  
Tis said by some he tried his teeth on Death,  
But, disappointed, utter'd sighs and groans,  
For Death, alas! he found already bones.



### JUST RECEIVED

A large and elegant assortment of Nodules ultra-soft, with three blades, also, a genuine Tatum and refined steel of a fine quality. I gentlemen portable shaving cases, and ladies and gentlemen's jessamine. Dressing Cases of different sizes for sale by a General Smith Chemical Perfumery Com. London at the Golden Rose No 150 B. Roadway corner of Liberty Street.

Also the following articles as usual with many other two numerous to mention. Rose oil Antique for curling and waving hair and preserving the hair and preventing it turning grey—chemical cosmetic wash balls his fine cosmetic cold cream clears and prevents the skin from chapping, odors of roses for smelling bottles Smith's improved chymical milk of roses Smith's pomade de Gase for thickening the hair, violet soap. Smith's tooth paste warranted his superfine white hair powder violet rose 3s. 6d. Smith's royal paste for washing the skin Smith's highly improved hard and soft pomatum. Smith's balsamic lip salve of roses Smith's tooth powder for the teeth his purified a pine shaving cake, made on chymical principle to help the operation of shaving Smith's celebrated corn plaster elastic worsted and cotton Garters, salt of lemon for taking out iron molds ladies and gentlemen's pocket books the best warranted concave razors elastic razor strope shaving boxes Penknives scissors tortoise shell ivory and horn combs smelling bottles &c. &c. Ext allowances to those who buy to sell again. Tooth Powder and opiate black pins tooth and cloth brushes vegetable rouge and pearl cosmetic lavender cologne honey hungary rose Jossamin Can de miel and eau de rose water shaving powder—court plaster &c. &c.

Merchants supplied wholesale for exportation. KEEVE'S WATER COLORS IN BOXES, Of various sizes, just received, and for sale Cheap, No. 3 PECK-SHIP.

### WANTED

An Apprentice to the Chair-making Business, apply at No. 3 Peck-Slip.

### RAGS.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen Rags at this Office.

### CISTERN

made and put in the ground, warranted tight, by DUNN AND ROTHERY, ROSE-STREET, Two doors from Pearl-Street April 14 1104—tf

WALKDEN'S BRITISH INK POWDER, fresh supply, just received and for sale at No. 3, Peck slip.

### WINDOW-BLINDS AND CISTERNS.

Window Blinds of every description for Sale, Old Blinds repaired and painted in the neatest manner; cisterns made, put in the ground and warranted tight by C. ALFORD, No 15 Catherine street, near the Watch house.

### PRINCE EGYPTIAN'S FRACTURE,

FOR THE TEETH AND GUMS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

## S. GARDETTE SURGEN DENTIST

Has the pleasure to acquaint the Ladies, and Gentlemen of this city, that he is returned from his Summer Tour, and has resumed the practice of his profession, as heretofore, at No. 26 William-street, near opposite the Post Office.

The celebrity he has gained, in his method of extracting teeth, is sufficiently known so as not to require his saying any thing on that subject; he will only observe, that such Teeth or stumps of Teeth, as are considered by many too difficult for extraction, he gives his positive assurance of being able to remove with a slight degree of pain.

His remedies to the loss of Teeth, by replacing artificial ones, from one tooth to a complete set, on a principle that render them, not only useful, but secure and undiscoverable in appearance.

Tartar which is the principal destroyer of Teeth should be removed with the greatest precaution for which reason, S. Gardette has provided himself with Instruments, the invention of the celebrated L. A. ESCOFFER of PARIS, that are perfectly safe, and answer the desired purpose.

His anti-septic Elixr and Dentrifice for the teeth and gums, may be had as above.

### PLAYING CARDS

Best American, and English Playing Cards, by the Pack, or dozen, For sale at No. 3, Peck-Slip.

### MRS. TAYLOR

Respectfully informs her Friends and the Public, that she intends opening an Academy, No. 59, William Street, for the instruction of Young Ladies on Monday October 25 in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, & the use of the Globes. Plain and Ornamental Needle Work. She assures her Friends no Exactions on her part shall be wanting to facilitate their improvement. October 27 1132—1m

### WANTED,

An Apprentice to the Printing Business. Apply at this Office.

### MANTUA-MAKING, &c.

A young woman who is mistress of the Mantua-making and Silk Coat business, takes this method to inform the Ladies, that she will be thankful for employment by the day, in genteel families—inquire at No. 213 Duane street, corner of Hudson, November 10 1134—3t

### Wanted to Purchase

a good sound chair horse about 15 hands high, round and well made full atom, free from all faults that will neither start nor stumble and trot well, one about six years old, would be preferred. Apply to Nathaniel Smith, 150 Broadway, corner of Liberty street,

HUTHINSON'S improved and WOOD'S Almanacks for 1811, by the grocer, dozen or single one.

### New Novels &c. for sale at this Office,

Scottish Chiefs  
Dominion  
Celebs in search of a Wife  
Arlene Howbray  
Bride of Venice  
Leonora  
Modern Ship of Fools, &c.

### ALSO

Just received a neat pocket Edition of Young's Night Thoughts. price 75 cents.

### NEW YORK,

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